

**Clouded**  
**by Cid Brunet**

She covered her bitten nails with inch long plates  
of oxidized copper. Upon which she affixed  
embroideries of gold floss manipulated into  
morning glories flourishing up the pipes of an  
unholy organ. Whose engravings were cast off  
to facilitate anyone with desire  
plucking  
out  
notes  
flattened  
by the trauma of change.

Meanwhile, I have come to love a blood orange bird  
grounded by a smog of blindness. He fluttered up  
from the cracked mud cleared of topsoil to perch  
in my safety.

Together, we sought unlikely unlocked gates. While the  
claustrophobic descent of the vaseline sky forced us  
to risk attack from a pale pride stalking the chain-link  
of our enclosure. My best intentions let bird know

I could be trusted. To share with her how  
this extraordinary union made the struggle  
worthwhile. But she is an airship  
untethered and nodding

as the unfinished sunroof leaks heat  
from the coldest room in her rented house. Now  
every time it rains it's like she is crying on top of me.